

The contention of the two famous Houses,

Sir Iohn. Iesus preserue your Maiesty.

Elnor. My Maiesty: why man, I am but Grace.

Sir Iohn. I, but by the grace of God, and *Hums* aduice,
Your Graces state shall be aduanc'd ere long.

Elnor. What, hast thou conferr'd with *Margery Iourdain*, the
cunning witch of *Rye*, with *Roger Bullenbrooke* and the rest? and
will they vndertake to do me good?

Sir Iohn. I haue Madam, and they haue promised me to raise
a spirit from depth of vnder ground, that shall tell your Grace
all questions you demand.

Elnor. Thankes good *sir Iohn*.

Some two dayes hence I gesse will fit our time,
Then see that they be heere:

For now the King is riding to Saint *Albones*,
And all the Dukes and Earles along with him.

When they be gone, then safely may they come,
And on the backe side of my Orchard heere;

There cast their Spelles in silence of the night;
And so resolute vs of the thing we wish;

Till when, drinke that for my sake, and so farewell.

Exit Elnor.

Sir Iohn. Now *sir Iohn Hum*, No words but mum.

Seale vp your lips, for you must silent be:

These gifts ere long will make me mighty rich.

The Dutchesse she thinkes now that all is well,

But I haue Gold comes from another place,

From one that hyred me to set her on,

To plot these treasons gainst the King and Peeres;

And that is the mighty Duke of Suffolke.

For he it is, but I must not say so,

That by my meanes must worke the Dutchesse fall,

Who now by Coniurations thinkes to rise.

But whilst *sir Iohn*, no more of that I tro,

For feare you lose your head before you go.

Exit

Enter two Petitioners, and Peter the Armourers man.

1. *Petit.* Come sirs lets linger here abouts a while,

Vntill

Yorke and Lancaster.

Vntill my Lord Protector come this way,
That we may shew his Grace our seuerall causes.

2. *Petit.* I pray God saue the Good Duke *Humfries* life,

For but for him a many were vndone,

That cannot get no succour in the Court.

But see where he comes with the Queene.

*Enter the Duke of Suffolke with the Queene, and they take
him for Duke Humfrey, and giues
him their writings.*

1. *Petit.* Oh we are vndone, this is the Duke of Suffolke.

Queene. Now good-fellows, whom would you speak withal?

2. *Petit.* If it please your Maiestie, with my Lord Protector's
Grace.

Que. Are your suites to his Grace? Let vs see them first,
Looke on them my Lord of Suffolke.

Suffolke. A Complaint against the Cardinals man.
What hath he done?

2. *Petit.* Marry my Lord, he hath stole away my wife,
And th'are gone together, and I know not where to finde them.

Suff. Hath he stole thy wife? that's some iniury indeede.
But what say you?

Peter Thumpe. Marry sir I come to tell you, that my Mayster
saide, that the Duke of Yorke was true heire to the Crown, and
that the King was an vsurer.

Queene. An vsurper thou wouldst say.

Peter. I forsooth, an vsurper.

Queene. Didst thou say the King was an vsurper?

Peter. No forsooth, I saide my maister saide so, th'other day
when wee were scowring the Duke of Yorkes armour in our
Garret.

Suf. I marry, this is something like,
Who's within there?

Enter one or two.

Sirra, take in this fellow, and keepe him close,

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And